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have treated you for the tapir," they say to the dog. "When you see one, pursue it until, when you have exhausted it, you bring it to bay. I'll follow your trail all over, and when I see that you have brought it to bay, I'll kill it." The poor dog is not offered part of the kill as a lure, for the Kaingáng rarely think of feeding dogs at all, certainly not with a piece of the precious tapir. All other animals are induced to yield to the Kaingáng through pleasant treatment or through the offer of food, but not dogs. The Kaingáng feel that dogs should run long distances through scratching, slashing, buffeting jungle day after day without reward.

Even in making an arrow "sick" the Kaingáng are animistic. Sometimes an iron arrow head is placed in the tapir's heart-tube bundle with the words: "My arrow, be sick. I am treating you so that you will be sick." An arrow thus treated will kill even though the wound be superficial. The technique of making something sick does not extend beyond this—the Kaingáng have never developed techniques of sorcery. They feel that arrows have *kupléng;* not only do arrows weep and die if they are deserted or thrown away in the forest, but arrows can see when a man is threatened with death, and they will fall from their places in the house above him at night to warn him of his danger. "The arrows are with one all the time and can see what is going to happen."

One bit of hunting ritual has no reference to hunting efficiency. That is the ritualistic little meal the grown hunter eats with his closest relatives when he has at last reached the point where without fear of death from supernatural causes he may eat the tapir he has killed. Up to this point the *kélé* the fledgling male, must never eat of the tapir he has brought down himself, although he may share the kill of other men. When he becomes mature, "grown for a long time"—an extremely variable age—he eats a ritualistic dish of tapir meat, which someone who loves him has first thoroughly masticated and mixed with the charcoal of the tapir's heart-bundle. The preparation of this dish is essentially a service of love of one close blood relative to another. It comes at the time when the grown man is most likely to separate himself from the group with which he has spent years, and it marks the point at which he is no longer dependent on it for his food but may now launch out for himself. Previously, not being able to eat the meat of the tapir he had killed, he was dependent on others; no matter how great his prowess, he had to remain in the group or run the risk of starvation. This attitude is directed to the tapir alone; it does not apply even to the deer which is the next largest food animal. Other animals, particularly birds, are eaten in this ritualistic manner, but such meals come at any time at all and are repeated frequently throughout life. They are essentially techniques of imitative magic which are meant to increase the

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[25]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reducible to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka tfil wyd*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[25] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the fatal victims' attendance at feasts which they know are held solely to entrap them.